

The revolution of the forgotten race

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Summary: The Humans have lost the war against the covenant and are now used as slaves in their massive empire, this story is about a boy who gets caught up in a revolution...CHAPTER 4 UP! thoroughly read this time!

1. Prologue: A boy's diary

The Revolution of a forgotten race

Hi everyone! I'm back from a looooong absence with gamefaq rping and random stuff like that, also school was in the way so I was not able to write a story anyways (i've stopped the Final Frontier by the way, and might be doing a redux on it.). So i hope you enjoy this, and hopefully I'll be back next week with another chapter)

Disclaimer: I do not own Halo (Microsoft does.) and enjoy! On a lighter note, i'm not going to di-

Getsrepeatedly shot

We have lost the warâ€|that's all I can say; the covenant had won in the end, even with our best warriors of all time backing us up, even with three whole races of the enemy joining our side. We still lost the fight for our freedom; we lost the war that our forefathers fought for a century, a war that shook both empires to the core, a war that killed millions upon millions of good men, women and aliens alike. It was not about some weird land grab, nor was it about different policies that conflicted. It was just stupid religion and artefacts getting in the way, and that we were in the wrong world at the wrong time.

Yes, by now you should have guessed who we are, we are (in realistic terms.) you. We are the human race, the humble yet creative race that is like children running freely. Throughout five hundred years we have created, destroyed, invented and conquered (or theoretically speaking, occupied, because we were not to face any form of alien

life till a century ago in our time.). We created a future for mankind, one that we could have prospered greatly from. We are your futureâ€|

â€|and boy did we throw it away.

And do you know what the ironic thing is? It was not even our fault, it was some crazy bunch of floating bastards that commanded a bunch of minions who decided that religion is truth (technically, it is.) and that we were just filth occupying on holy ground. The war fought against us was long and bitter, some covie friends that helped us said that we were the toughest race that the covenant had to conquer. It was a struggle that we could not possibly succeed. Odds were tipped steeply in the attackers favour, even after a century's struggle for supremacy against one another, with good and bad points like the Halos that we managed to destroy and the numerous times we shoved the covenant off our planet. We lost, enough said. I could not tell you how because I do not know and the archives that contained this source of information is all but deleted or destroyed.

Now we bitterly serve the covenant now, as slaves of their massive empire, building temples and buildings, which cost thousands in terms of our lives. Us humans are treated like dirt in their fanatical empire, much like how the Egyptians treated the Jews a couple of thousand years ago before a holy man called Moses came and saved them. We are ranked lower than the elites, who were converted back to the covenants side, lower than those idiotic beak faced jackals that tormented us with a passion, even lower than the freaking grunts! (Who are the only ones to sympathise us secretly, yet loathe us on the outside.).

In the years to come we fought religious campaigns one after the other, conquering races who we have not even imagined existing, the Kestrels were one race, much like the elites in terms of intelligence, except they traded their counterpart's strength for the ability to fly. Then there were those funny little 3 foot creatures of doom called imps, they too had a fanatical religion, just that they were a little bit more sensible and tolerant than the covenant and even up to this day they still fight a guerrilla war against the covies (may we salute them for carrying on our legacy.).

So, here we are, our faces are down in the dirt working or fighting and dying for the covenant against enemies that a century ago would have been us, our race are kept in ghettos across the covenant worlds, on the outskirts of cities where no-one would bother to go except for random activities for leisure and harassing our race. How we despise out current situation, to hell and back. How we want to rise up and whip them time and time again. How we want to re-rise like a shining red phoenix against our brutal oppressors and smite them till they dissolve into ash and get blown away by the cold, piercing wind.

(Ahem, sorry, got carried away there.)

There were many uprisings before, but they were all quelled and dissipated easily, they were just random rebels with guns randomly shooting at covenant across the street, with no organisation whatsoever. But history was about to change, a new faction of freedom fighters is being created in our ranks, the freedom fighters are called the Red Faction (named after a funny little game 600 odd years

ago involving guns, grenade launchers and nanotechnology).

These fighters are currently underground at the moment, collecting weapons for their cause. I heard they have already got quite a lot of stuff by now, mostly covenant weapons, but a few old age good old metal projectile weaponry amongst the pile of weapons in armouries across the ghettos of the world. Word has it that their group is more advanced than ever seen these days, maybe even matching those we had a century ago when we were still free. Vast networks of RF cells are dotted across the covenant worlds, and a even couple of cells in High Charity too (which was eventually cleared of the flood and rebuilt from ground up.).

I heard that soon they will be ready to begin, underground recruiting has already started en masse and hundreds are joining its cause (which is actually all the human's cause, that's why it's so popular.). I hope that I will join this group some day. It could be even sooner than I think

Well, I think that's all I have to say about this for today, I will probably try to write another page in this diary. So the A.I better be patient about it, he just wants information and is quite reliable (It was of my own creation, so the covenant cannot track it and see all my information, or I'm dead.). Better get some sleep, it's already like 11:00 in the evening (New York Time.).

ENTRY FINISHED

Wait!

CONTINUED ENTRY

Oh god I forgot to put my name in, my family has to share this thingâ€¦

Name input: Jecht Alaska (Age 22)

OOC: I decided to leave it there, please R&R.

2. Chapter 1: A history lesson

Chapter 2: A history Lesson

OOC: Damn those stupid spelling mistakes and dumb writers blockâ€¦

So, Chapter 2 was meant to be up next week, but since I have timeâ€¦ I think I could write this quite easily. School's pretty light on my head at the moment, so I should be able to do SOMETHINGâ€¦

Disclaimer: Can I get up now?

> Me: Nope<p>

((Gets shot some more with dual SMGs))

IOIOIOIOIOOI

"Right classâ€¦" A short, stout man said as he walked towards a desk

near the front of the classroom. "Today we will be learning about the history of the galaxy, we shall start with the "Crusade of the Prophets", a war fought a century ago by -"

A hand suddenly shot up just after the teacher spoke those last few words, the boy who was doing so was looking none too happy about what he was studying at the moment.

The teacher gave a small sigh before speaking mildly like he usually does "Yes, Jecht, what is it?"

"Sir, if I may." Jecht said, acting innocently. "Can you not just say 'the war against humanity'? It would give our forefathers slightly more dignity."

The teacher stared at Jecht sternly. "Obviously he said something that would possibly get himself killed," the teacher thought, "better carry on." After a few seconds of staring, the teacher returned to his normal, emotionless voice, and droned on.

Jecht was staring angrily at his teacher. "Who's he to just ignore that," he thought, looking around his classroom. "Bowing down to the prophets like that, look at us, all in torn covenant clothing which mostly don't fit. Look at this classroom; it's a wreck, because the covenant doesn't care a single bit about this place. Our forefathers didn't die to find their children and grandchildren in mere rags and going to rickety shacks to find whatever scrap of education that might come to them, and then finding someone of our kind praising them"

Deciding to ignore this fact for now, Jecht opened his torn, paper book and began to listen to whatever that imbecile of a teacher would teach to him. It was not really Jecht's fault; he was in a lesson that strikes straight into the centre of his emotions. History lessons nowadays are usually about this subject, probably because the covenants want to rub the human's emotional wounds with salt by providing literature that painfully describes every single bit of detail, of every single victory, of every single human death in this war, you just cannot be as sadistic as that. Of course it is the recorder's job to do this, but you cannot possibly write that 2000 humans died when the real casualties (including wounded and missing.) were only 200.

Bitterly continuing with the daily lessons Jecht was more than a bit happy when he got out of the concrete warehouse that was meant to be a university. Walking around the street he watched all the younger kids playing innocently without any information of what had happened in the past.

"I wish I was like them, I used to be like them, but not anymore." Jecht thought in silence. "Not anymore!"

Just then his silent mind was suddenly broken by the voices of two of his best friends, Andre and Crystal. A small smile appeared across his young looking face. A reasonably tall boy that could have played in a basketball team if it was not completely forgotten a decade ago after the restriction period the covenant set up after a few human rebellions, all forms of entertainment that could have influenced rebellion was banned (for some reason, basketball was too, probably because the player could easily infiltrate elite bases because of

their worked up height.). Blue, shining eyes almost hid his ever-fuelled hatred for the covenant, while his brown hair was long, but does not stretch anywhere lower than the head.

"Hello there!" Crystal shouted happily, obviously she's had a very good day. A popular student she was doing well in all classes. The teachers like her, even some covenant schools considered taking her in to train her up to work for civil purposes. But she rejected because of the same reasons as most other humans. A good-humoured person, she can be a bit difficult at timesâ€|

Andre on the other hand simply gave a grin; he is basically like Jecht in terms of everything but the hatred for the covenant. He is like the newsperson, the one providing all the information needed by the school newsheet and the one who told Jecht about the Red Faction.

"How's it going you two!" Jecht said as though he forgot about this morning. Walking up to his two best pals he gave the ordinary greeting of shaking hands, then he turned to Andre, who was fumbling through his ripped bag for something.

"So about the 'project', " Jecht said (Project is the secret name between the three for the red faction.) "Is it almost ready yet?"

"Almostâ€|" Andre said, before taking something out of his bag, which Jecht saw was a plastic disc. "We still need more people to join though, this project needs a lot more members than the odd thousand people. Remember, this is throughout all of the covenant ground."

"Right." Crystal said, before taking over Andre's part to explain. "Also the comm. System will not be up till sayâ€|next Tuesday? We're not that sure. You should come tonight. It is your first time here, and there's quite a lot of people you would want to meet."

"Ok." Jecht finally said, and began to turn away.

"Wait!" Andre exclaimed. "You forgot this!"

Andre gave the plastic disk that he just took out of his bag and tossed it lightly at Jecht, which landed with a soft _thump_ noise right in the middle of Jecht's hand. Giving a grin Jecht turned towards his destination and walked (putting the disc into his pocket.), his pace remained fast all the way until he reached his home. Which was once a block of apartments that was for people in high places. Running up the concrete paved staircase and up several flights of steps he reached his home, which was locked securely in place by a swipe-lock. Taking a small, plastic card out of his rucksack he swiped the thing gently down the security lock, making the door swing back slowly as though it was being blown by a light, gentle breeze.

Taking his old bag off and throwing it aside onto the ripped couch he walked hurriedly into his room and sat down at his seat. Turning the computer on he slotted the silver disc in, and watched as the computer hummed quietly. Relaxing on his study chair he waited patiently for the old computer to slowly and painfully load it's program.

Five minutes passed and the program was only a fifth loaded. Getting impatient he stood up and walked over to the window beside his bed, where he could get a decent view outside. All he saw from this point was the tall, concrete buildings of the ghetto, of human design a century past. Many structures were still being repaired, when it's destroyer knocked it over sixty odd years ago.

Looking out the window he suddenly heard a cry of help below, staring down right to ground level, he saw from sky view that two covenant policemen were beating someone up for no obvious reason. People were shouting inaudible things at the two elites, but were silenced when one drew a plasma pistol and yelled something, which made them, shut up.

Growling angrily he kicked his bedroom door open and rushed out, quickly opening the main door and sprinting down the stairs (almost tripping a few times.) until he reached ground level. Then panting he bolted towards the crowd of people that just started to boo the elites again.

"What the hell's going on here?" Jecht asked in a serious, if not almost yelling, tone.

"Those covenant bastards are beating up that poor boy, he's a college student for crying out loud!" Someone shouted, while staring at Jecht. "These two thought he was stealing food from a store, so they chased him, when the real thief went the other way!"

Another person then shouted in the covenant language, which Jecht new little about, but from the tone he knew it was not friendly. Hearing this comment the policeman that had threatened with his plasma pistol shot a few rounds from the same gun into the air, making some of the crowd disperse in a sea of screams and terror.

"HEY!" Jecht roared at the two evil men. "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING TO HIM!"

The alien that was still beating the poor boy up turned to him, giving a small click from his beak that could have been a small chuckle.

"This scum," The jackal said in almost perfect English. "Was stealing stuff from a food store nearby, it is the duty of covenant to deal with street urchins like these."

Turning his back on Jecht he signalled to his associate, who pressed a button on his plasma pistol and pointed at the trembling man on the ground.

Without even thinking twice Jecht threw himself at the jackal, knocking the plasma weapon out of his hand and kicking him back, the kick was a heavy blow to the jackal's unshielded, unprotected stomach (if he had one.) and stunned him for a split second, just enough time for a uppercut to plough straight through his bird like beaks, sending him crashing into the ground.

The other jackal, surprised at such an action, took out a small, subtle rod that upon pressing a hidden button projected some sort of energy riot baton. Giving a screech of anger that one would normally

hear in a covenant skirmish the jackal charged at Jecht, flailing it madly. Getting ready to sidestep he stood where he was until the baton came close to his head,. Then he dodged; side stepping behind the puzzled jackal, who was shut down (for a short time.) by a hard back kick to his hard spine area.

Happy with his victory he walked over to the wounded man on the floor, but then a gasp from the crowd stopped him, and a shout, which said "STOP THAT JACKAL!" made him turn round.

But that was all he knew as the plasma round struck him squarely in the chest, and his vision was blanketed over by a white and green light, soon followed by the blackness of the evening sky.

IOIOIOIOIOIOOI

OOC: W00t! Finished this chapter! I've got one review to reply to, and here it is:

TurMoiL911:

Yup, Red Faction is greatâ€|no honestly, the days when you get to stick little green bombs of doom on your foe and watch with humour as they run in circles screaming before being terminated by a mini explosion which tears their torso/arms/legs/head apart. Shame I traded the game inâ€|

I'll see how everything goes, and then I might have another chapter up.

3. Chapter 2: A vengence is forged

Chapter 3: A Vengence is forged

OOC: Ok, so here's the low-down, due to someone pointing something out and I myself thinking it was wrong I decided to change it, the thing was that I put that Jecht fought elites hand-to-hand, which is slim to nil in chances of victory. So I changed the elites to jackals)

Disclaimer: Idiot

((Disclaimer get owned by shotgun.))

IOIOIOIOIOOI

"Uhâ€|where am I?"

Jecht's mind spun as he tried his best to look around, his vision was still blurred to the point where everything looked like a random mix of colours. As his mind ached he slowly moved his head around to look at his surroundings. His vision got a little better and he could make out that he was in some sort of storeroom. The dry grey paint seemed to disappear in places, and was replaced by black building material; the ground was littered with broken tiles that were once carefully and painfully paved. Directly in front of him was a light, grey door (as he pretty much made out from what he saw.) that was probably made of metal, and firmly locked in place.

His headache getting better and the control over his numb legs was beginning to return to him Jecht tried to stand up, battling against the shaking of his legs, but it was in vain as he tumbled back down to the ground, knocking some tiles aside in a clatter of hard, dry clay. Cursing silently he tried to get up again, from hands to knees to feet, and did not trip this time. Jecht then tried to do some small walking, and that was fully recovered in about five minutes of constant walking in circles. Suddenly a sharp pain crossed his body as he sat down; looking at the area he saw that there was a hole the size of his fist with scorch marks lining the edges burnt squarely into his chest. He then remembered that the jackal that he took out first had picked up the plasma pistol and fired at him, and that the pistol was low on power so it was not deadly upon impact.

Hardly believing in his sheer luck Jecht stood up again and walked over to the metal door. Twisting the crude, metal handle that was cheaply made into the lock he found that it was locked firmly, almost bolted in. Obviously his little trip had alerted some people and Jecht heard footsteps getting closer and closer to him. Stepping back to the wall he sat down and stayed where he was until he heard the heavy lock open with a sharp, metallic noise and the door swinging open slowly.

In front of him stood four grunts, obviously a guarding party, and a species he had never seen before. It was a strange creature, with obsidian black eyes and a pale, white skin. The thing wore some sort of grey suit that covered from the neck, down the waistline and the long, bony legs until it dangled just above the knees; it's long and slender arms were not covered by the suit but were instead armoured with special gauntlets that covered the arm from the elbow, and had thin, long metal claws protruding in areas where the fingers (if any.) should be. Then there's the most obvious and startling thing about this creature, the wings. It had big, white wings that were probably the diameter of the creature per wing, and were luckily folded.

The creature stared coldly at Jecht before speaking in a tone, which greatly contrasted his look, warm and welcoming, yet had a tone of annoyance stringed up somewhere in his voice.

"The captain would like to see you now," It said, and from that point Jecht made out that it was male. "And do not try to run, for it is futile and you shall be vaporised if you do."

A grunt patted the plasma pistol holster to echo the new alien's warning, the whole holster was glowing dimly with a green aura, which means that the first shot the grunts fire will be over-charged and will disintegrate Jecht upon contact, (a century ago it would have only resulted in a massive third-degree burn, but technology have moved on and most of those kinds are in museums and scrap-yards.).

Thinking twice about how to act Jecht simply gave a slight nod and walked into the group of aliens. The party then began to move as they headed towards the interrogation centre, the little grunts feet keeping a steady pace with only a few uncertain steps made. Letting curiosity take over his common sense Jecht looked at the creature that walked beside him that was about a head's height taller than him, and asked hesitantly "Soâ€|are you one of the new captured races

working for the covenant?"

The creature turned his head towards Jecht and gazed at him for a second, almost staring blankly. He then began to speak in the same tone that he did before (without the harsh string of tone mixed in, as well as in almost perfect English.)

"It really depends on how you put it, we Kestrels are a new race to covenant society, yet we were conquered a mere 60 years ago. Our race never fought your kind, or I would have had a great hate for you. We people have heard about your persistence to the covenant masters and admired how you held for so long (80 years was it?) and tried to follow your kind when we were attacked, but alas we only held for a quarter of the time."

"Well that's still better than us." A grunt suddenly said. "We only held for a year."

"Quiet!" The Kestrel exclaimed. "You know how they kill people who knows English without their permission! Stupid law thatâ€!"

Taking a deep sigh the Kestrel carried on. "Yes, we are tired of the covenant grasp on our freedom and would like to be free again. Sadly many of our brethren would rather stay where they are, such pessimistsâ€!"

Jecht cautiously took a glance at the creature, before curiously asking "So you share the same dream as us then? You know you could just quit and go find a freedom fighter group to join."

"I could've done that a long time agoâ€!" The Kestrel replied. "But I now have a family to help, so I'm a bit too late for this type of thing."

"So what is your name?" Jecht asked innocently.

"My name is Horactis," The Kestrel said. "And better should you not ask any questions here, for this place is not crammed with covenant troops."

The group turned right at a corner, and stopped as they saw a prisoner being dragged out of his cell. Screaming wildly as he was pulled away by the wings (which actually didn't hurt.) by two elites, it was another Kestrel, probably someone who done something that the covenant police cannot prove the guilt (and probably innocent too), but arrested him anyways and locked him up till interrogation, which is now.

Even from here Jecht could hear the high-pitched screams of the creature as it was dragged round. It was yelling, "The covenant is corrupt, free the people, HELP THE REVOLUTION!"

Later Jecht was to know that the poor man was vaporised by an energy screen while trying to escape through. But now back to the present. Seeing that the little escapade was now over. The group started up again, turning left from where that Kestrel was led and then right into a well lighten room. It's walls were painted a covenant shade of purple (used on most battleships.) and had patterns painfully painted on with a thin, manual paintbrush. In the middle of the room stood a metal desk, and behind that sat a gold plated elite, one that could

have served in the army, but for some unknown reason decided to pass it for now.

"Your excellency," Horactis said, bowing at the same time. "We have got the prisoner here safe and sound, no attacks by rowdy people."

"Good," The gold elite said relaxingly, before waving for them to leave. "You better see to it that other person screaming his head off is gagged when he returns to his cell."

"Yes your excellency." Horactis said, giving another bow and taking him and his grunts out of the door.

The gold elite then stood up and walked over to Jecht, who was beginning to panic; sweat was dripping from his forehead while his hands were rushing to find pockets to hide in.

"Sit down." The elite commanded, which Jecht did so in lightning fast speed in a chair beside him.

"So, you have been attacking my men have you?" The elite said. "You know how even in your human terms is considered assault, but I don't see how you primitive people even care." Walking back to his seat the elite sat and began to look through the holographic projector stationed in front of him. "It says here." The elite said, before grinning. "That you seem to have a general dislike for us eh? Maybe because we wiped the floor with your kind during our glorious reclamation by the prophet's order?"

That single remark made Jecht flinch like as though he was hit hard on the arm. Jecht's mouth began to show teeth as he was beginning to become irritated.

"Ok then, we shall have to do something about youâ€|for wounding our men, it shall be 1 year for every hit you made on them, which is 4 years, also for letting a criminal escape-

"For god sake!" Jecht yelled. "The guy was just walking on the street! The 'criminal' went the other way!"

"- It will be 2 years, and finally for not reporting a crime, 1 more year."

"Why are you doing this to me!" Jecht screamed, unable to contain his anger.

Unusually for elites who would have ripped his head off by now, this one stayed calm and amused. "Well sorry, this is the policy for all of your kind."

"Then why are you doing this to our people!" Jecht screamed. "Is it because of the war?"

Silence then filled the room, no longer was the elite amused and strangely the entire outside corridors were quiet as well. The only noise that was heard is the noise of wings as birds left their nests outside for the night hunt and the deep breathing of Jecht venting anger.

"That was a very brave thing to say boy!" The elite growled. "I could just rip your head off right now, but I am going to punish you with my own little ways!"

With that threat echoing throughout his mind Jecht saw the elite take out something from a desk drawer nearby, from a distance Jecht saw that this was a small wooden box. The elite walked back to his desk where he sat down and stared at Jecht, his yellow eyes piercing deep into Jecht's soul.

"Do you know anything about the time when humans were at there knees? Of course not, you were not born until fifteen cycles later. At a last attempt to defeat us the humans created a warrior similar to the Master Chief twenty years before this one, who died in a battlefield in which my grandfather fought in. This new warrior was like him, except with better technology. He was known as the 'bronze knight' because of the amber armour he wore."

The elite chuckled, before going on.

"I remember when I was about eighteen, fighting this demon of a man with my other comrades. It was a tough fight, but in the end by some weird, and brilliant chance. He was killed, slain by a plasma blade to the throat."

Jecht suddenly felt furious at such a brutal kill made by whoever that done that.

"And do you know who that amber warrior and his slayer was?" The elite said. Pausing for a while to let the feeling of mental agony sink into Jecht.

"It was me, ands the warrior was your father."

Everything then happened in a flash of blinding quickness, the chair that Jecht was sitting on was kicked back as Jecht literally lunged at the elites throat, but it was in vain as an equal force to his pounce knocked him back onto the hard floor with a crash. Laughing the elite walked beside Jecht, just in front of the energy wall between him. In his hand he held the wooden box that he took out earlier.

"And this is just to let this thought sink into your mind." He said before carelessly throwing the box through the shield and into the palms of Jecht's hand, and in an instant another group picked the now limp (but still conscious.) Jecht up and out the door, and later threw him back into his cell.

Lying still for a few long seconds Jecht stared at the box, scared to open it and see what's inside it. But soon this fear was replaced with a bitter curiosity as he took the lid off carefully.

Inside he found an amber coloured gauntlet of some sort, big enough to fit his hand snugly, it had a blade projector welded into the top of the glove, while sharp claws tipped every finger. A tear rolled down his left cheek as he came to realize what it is. His sadness was later replaced with a fury.

"That elite will die!" Jecht thought, his gloved hand turning into a fist. "For killing my father and the last defence of mankind, he

shall payâ€| "

IOIOIOIOIOIOI

OOC: Whoa, long chapter, this is what happens when i have time, i'll see if i can update soon, as for now. Time to answer some people.

Yokimo the hellbunny slayer: ((Whacks with a rubber glove.)) that should stop you babbling)

Ryu Issac: Your suggestion has been taken in and the previous chapter has been changed, thank you)

Dcastro: Thank you)

4. Chapter 3: Escape!

Chapter 4: Escape!

OOC: Started on the same day as I finished chapter three, right after 24 maths questions (easy) and trying to control hunger (not so easy). This is what happens when I finish everything I need to.

Disclaimer: ((is still dead))

((Disclaimer gets shot three more times.))

Disclaimer: I'm already DEAD! ((Gets shot again, dies for real.))

IOIOIOIOIOIOI

IC: Two uneventful days had passed. Considering that there was nothing much to do in a prison cell Jecht decided to endure in this 6 metre sq. cell. Beams of light pierced through the barred windows, but Jecht dared not to look outside or the guards might think he's escaping. Meals came twice a day, once in morning and once at night, life was okay for him, it was just the boredom. But he got past that by thinking of what to do once he's out. So the two days went past slowly, with the only accompaniments being the screams of prisoners and the squeaks, grunts and human shouts of the prison guards.

In the third day everything went by quietly like the past couple of days, the guards remembered to feed him, he did some exercise in the cells and slept and thought about freedom for most of the time. In the afternoon he finally decided to look out of the window, and found a small surprise waiting for him. A message that was tied to a rock by string was simply jammed in between the bars while he was asleep. Pulling the message off Jecht began to read the piece of yellow paper. Before long his eyes were beaming and a smile had crossed his face, the time to escape was near, now all he has to do is wait till midnightâ€|

b Midnight /b

The evening was not that interesting, Jecht took a look at his father's gauntlet once in a while and scratched writing onto the concrete wall with a broken shard of terracotta tile. It wouldn't be

long before some of his friends will begin to bust him out. Hopefully it won't take that long.

Soon his wishes have been answered by a rattle on the bars by someone, shooting up from the ground he silently walked to the window and saw Crystal and Andre as well as three more people that he did not know of.

"Hey you two!" Jecht said

"I wonder what nice man put you there eh?" Andre replied sarcastically, while Crystal took out a small plastic charge from her backpack that dangled at her side.

"Here, take this." Crystal said seriously. "If you want to get out, you will need to plant this charge inside the cell, we will do the same with the outside wall, both charges should destroy the wall."

"Right." Jecht said before catching a well-flung explosive charge in the cell, and as history likes to be neat with the timing, the door began to unlock. Fearing that they may spot the charge or his friends, he dropped down onto the floor, shoved the charge into the amber gauntlet and put the thing into the maple box given to him. Then the door swung open, and at the door stood two grunts, both are holding plasma pistols.

"What do you want?" Jecht asked menacingly.

"We were just checking up on you, thought we heard something." One of the grunts (the superior one because of the red armour.) replied.

"Well you heard wrong, lest you hear something again, it will be me snoring."

The two grunts nodded and then walked off, locking the door and then went back to patrolling. Jecht gave a sigh as he heard their footsteps grow fainter and turned round, taking the plastic explosive out of the amber gauntlet, peeling the packaging off and sticking the explosive to the wall. Sticking the small steel charge rod into the bomb he rattled the bars to show that he was ready and dived into a corner with his gauntlet.

Suddenly a white and yellow light filled the room as the explosives detonated, sending some tiles flying into the door and wall, smoke filled the room as a dark figure called him to get out quickly, which he did so with no telling twice. By now the smoke had cleared and the dented door opened by the grunts again, but it was too late as the group of freedom fighters ran down the hill with Jecht coughing quite a lot (he did have a slight case of asthma).

"Here, take this." Andre said hurriedly and passed Jecht a pistol, which was one of the post-war models used by the humans as well as three clips filled with 9mm ammunition. Three grunts ran behind them and began to fire volley after volley of green plasma bolts. Turning round while running Jecht emptied half the clip at the three enemies, killing one and wounding the others, which groaned and cried for help. The whole prison is now alive with searchlights and people rushing around to find the escaping crew. Two jackals and two grunts

guarded the wire fence which Jecht crew were just about to reach and were dispatched before they even knew what was going on.

Reloading his pistol he picked up one of the dead jackal's plasma pistol and held down the trigger, charging it up to max. Then as he saw three elites coming his way he released the gun trigger, sending a light green plasma ball of death towards the group, frying one of their shields right off. The team of rescuers then opened fire, killing the unshielded elite and stunning the other two. Firing blindly behind him, Jecht crawled under the small hole that the gang made in the wire wall as he kept the elites busy and ran into the forest beyond.

b Later on /b

"So where are you going to go?" Jecht asked the gang, by now they were back to the Ghetto, a plasma bolt grazed someone in the arm and was bandaged neatly, and that was really about it for the casualties (if you can call that one.)

"Well we're probably camping out in the RF HQ." Crystal said, stifling a yawn. "You can camp out there if you want, maybe get to know more people in there and do some stuff."

"Fine, I'm a bit tired as well." Jecht replied, before suddenly remembering something vital. "What about the disk that you gave me a few days ago?" Jecht exclaimed.

Andre gave a small grin. "Like we are going to forget that." He said. "We retrieved it whilst you were away, it was only a sign up form. Since you're coming with us, you don't really need it."

"Alright." Jecht finally said. "Let's go."

IOIOIOIOIOOI

The golden elite that played with Jecht's mind a few days back walked along the dark corridors of the prison after the little unexpected raid. Staring directly forward he could just make out a large metallic purple door. Opening up his ceremonial suit's flashlight he saw that it was closer than expected. Typing in a password beside the door he watched as it hissed open.

Inside lay a console about 6 feet in height (the screen that is.), stepping over to the large, covenant keyboard he began to type in a log in code before standing back and watching the screen load, a while later that was replaced by the face of the High prophet of Truth (the new one, not the old mad idiotic hypocritical fool of a alien.). Bowing low he began to speak.

"Your excellency," the elite said. "The prisoner that you wanted to meet has escaped."

"I heard already, I could just execute you for letting such a volatile mind escape like that 'Fasamee, you know I can,' The prophet then gestured for him to stand up. "But I will not, for I have other plans that will include you."

"Your excellency?" 'Fasamee asked, unsure of this plan.

"The amber knight's gauntlet, I believe that you have given it to the boy on my orders, correct?" The prophet asked.

"Yes your Excellency, I have done that on the first day." Fasamee answered.

"Goodâ€|" The prophet of regret hissed relaxingly, twiddling with his fingers while he told Fasamee the plan. "Because just before you received this little 'gift' for our little friend, I personally put tracking devices on the interior of the glove, so you may trace it whenever you wish."

"Your Excellency." Fasamee said, bowing even lower.

"Now I shall expect you to find the gauntlet's location, I suspect that the fish has taken the bait, and we will soon be reeling it up, correct?"

"The Red Faction won't know what hit them" Fasamee added, before doing the usual formal bow and walking out of the room, leaving the prophet to get on with his own business.

IOIOIOIOIOIOI

OOC: Okâ€|this is a reasonably short chapter, mainly because I do not have much to write about, think of this as an intermission chapter.

Disclaimer: I'm bacccc-

((Disclaimer gets blasted by Red Faction 2 rail gun with cheats put on (aka. Full automatic wall penetrating unlimited aluminium rod firing gun of destruction.)))

5. Chapter 4: Busted!

Chapter 4: Busted!

OOC: Ok. ermâ€|no helpful pointsâ€|ermâ€|heh hehâ€|ok then, on with it!

Disclaimer: ((is cheese now.))

IOIOIOIOIOIOIOI

"Welcome to the Red Faction!"

The door swung open freely as the six men and women stepped into the large warehouse. The whole place was literally filled with whatever junk they need to operate this delicate freedom fighting group. Computers were dotted around the area, analysing certain things that need to be checked. Weapons were piled higher than Jecht himself, mostly post era weaponry that they salvaged from old military bases and abandoned battlefields. Holographic maps are piled up like discs in a bookshelf that was probably used in some nerdy kid's bedroom, and finally a number of headsets that was used for VR training. The sound of gunshots echoed in the warehouse as numerous guns were tested for battle, but was luckily muffled and prevented the outside world from knowing this place's existence.

Turning around like some kid in a massively tall building, Jecht looked at every single thing that could have been seen, and was soon toured around the place like some little kid in a big candy store. Everything he dreamt of having was here, the optimum covenant computers, lots of weaponry to kick ass if the need comes and lots of other places where you would only find in a community centre (yes, that includes punch and pie.)

"Alrighty thenâ€|" Crystal said after she quickly summoned Jecht to her presence. "I like you to meet my father, Orion Williams who worked on the Bronze knight program. Father, this is Jecht, the one that you wanted to meet for a while."

"Ah, Jecht, so this is the son of the colleague that I worked with all those years ago." Orion said, shaking Jecht's hand and only letting go after a second or two. "You know that your father was one of the most well known man in human history?"

"Yes sir," Jecht replied, and pondered for what else to say, but was interrupted when he saw Orion looking at the maple box.

"So I see you still have a piece of your father, or at least his armour." Orion said happily. "We lost a piece of the suit a while ago, it was meant to be for you if you ever came, but the arm blade for it was stolen."

Jecht looked at the box before slowly opening it, inside the gauntlet was there where it belonged. Picking the thing up and putting the box aside he fitted the glove on and asked, "Is this it?"

Orion's eyes beamed as he saw the gauntlet shine. "Why yes!" He exclaimed, "That is it! Where did you find it?"

"Well I didn't exactly find it." Jecht said, before turning on his bitter voice. "Some guy who claimed to have killed my father gave it to me to scar my mind with the thought, and so far he might have succeeded."

"Fasamee?" Orion asked. "We thought we took care of him a long time ago!"

"Well yes father," Crystal cut in "but then we did not expect some drop ship picking him up while he was still lying unconscious."

"Ohâ€|" Orion's voice faded away and was replaced by thought, but that changed when he remembered something. "So Jecht, I believe that the gauntlet is not damaged, right?"

"Well, it sustained some scratchesâ€|" Jecht answered.

"Scratches?" Orion scoffed, "Ha! A touch of paint would do wonders, do you know that the gauntlet was an energy blade attached somewhere?"

"I'veâ€|noticed." Jecht replied interestingly, knowing that something might happen next. Without hesitation the scientist took out a small, rectangular battery cell out of his bag and slotted the little chip into a small covered area of the gauntlet.

"Stand back everyone." Orion cried as the blade began to shimmer, and a marvellous golden flash as the blade burst into life like a phoenix returning from its ashes. The shape it was gradually morphing into could already be guessed as a thin, double bladed sword, sort of like an elites supreme weapon the plasma blade, just that the gap between the blades seemed to be narrower, and the blades slightly longer and luminescent than the plasma versions the elites were used to.

Gripping the inside grip of the gauntlet tightly like his own life. Jecht paced slowly towards a clear space, staring blankly at the blade with his eyes focused hypnotically at the blade's shining, warm, light. This trance was only broken by a sudden cry of distress.

"THE COVENANT IS HERE!" Someone screamed outside before he was struck down by a hail of plasma bolts, which clearly lit up the other side of the walls as it struck the outside masonry. The secret hideout suddenly became alive again as more and more people appeared out of doors with assault rifles and pistols and even a couple with rocket launchers if they were needed. Jecht too turned off the blade (which returned to the hilt with dying specks of orange light.) and rushed to the pile of weapons that were stacked in a corner, nabbing a SMG before sprinting outside like as though his life depended on it (which theoretically was.).

Andre and a few others soon followed, entering the scene a-blazing with a wide variety of weapons; while another squad moved up to the roof (Jecht could have sworn he heard footsteps above, as well as the rattle of sniper fire that soon followed suit.). Taking the chance to fight he popped out of the crate that he hid behind when he reached the battlefield and unloaded ten rounds (give or take five.) into a group of grunts, which cried and scrambled behind a low wall, leaving some slow and dead friends behind. Scooping up a grenade on the ground he pulled the pin and tossed it far behind the barrier (where the grunts were.), where it bounced off a wall and landed in between the grunts, exploding with a small, sharp bang.

Sprinting beside a few Red Faction members Jecht asked whether he could be of any use, and was met with a number of replies yelling at him to take the opposite street roof. Doing so he picked up his SMG and bolted across the street, missing a few badly aimed shot by the grunts and jackals and made it into the building with ease. Two more jackals blocked his way but were struck down by Jecht's new activated blade, one had it's head lopped off before it even reacted, while the other had a puncture made across its midsection.

Running upstairs he reached the top after a few staircases. Where he met a dead freedom fighter still gripping his sniper rifle, his face scorched by a plasma bolt blasted straight into the head. Flinching at the sight, he hesitated to pick up the sniper rifle. Looking through the sights he aimed at some of the jackals firing at him. The first few shots he pulled missed or bounced off the shields. The next few shots hit their mark, taking a jackal's head off and blasting the plasma pistols off of their hands, making them scream in pain.

A few more cracks of the rifle silenced the few screaming imbeciles and the men downstairs took care of the rest. It was a relatively close call, with three dead and fifteen casualties. The covenant suffered something like forty dead and wounded grunts and jackals. Wiping the sweat off his forehead he took the sniper rifle as well as

a few other salvaged weapons with him, slowly walking down the stairs with all the munitions. He treaded his way across numerous dead aliens as he walked across the street, and reached the entrance to the HQ with shoes almost dyed with blue blood.

Inside he met everyone who survived and was suddenly cheered upon by a few people, Orion and his daughter clapping while Andre seemed to have disappeared somewhere. After little this unexpected applause he saw Orion approach him slowly.

"Looks like we don't need to train you as much as the others said we would." Orion said, smirking. "So when do you want to start the program?"

"Right now." Came the reply.

IOIOIOIOIOIOIOOI

OOC: This chapter took a while to write because of everything that was going on (as well as me being lazy-

Disclaimer: HA! ((Gets needle'd))

-). Also I'll see if I can answer some reviews.

Link Master500: Thank you for the comments, I'm trying to make this original but some mysterious force keeps pulling me towards Half-Life 2â€|meh.

Ryu Issac: Well, if you want more Disclaimer killing action, find my 'Final Frontier' FF and look through it, it was my first 'OK' fanfic here and now I can do better)

Sir-Dik-Dik: HOW DARE YOU ADVERTISE ON MY FF! ((Shoots Sir-Dik-Dik))

Oh wellâ€|It was a joke, I'll let it slide, I might look at it when I can.

Yomiko the Hellbunny slayer: What does . Mean?

Stay tuned!)

6. Chapter 5: Prelude to a duel

Chapter 6: Prelude to a duel

OOC: ((Not noticing reader's presence.)) DIE DISCLAIMER DIE! ((Whacks disclaimer with a metal pole.))

((Sees readers staring.)) Oh ermâ€|hi, I was just cleaning the trash as alwaysâ€|

Disclaimer: HEY! I'm not tra- ((Gets stepped on with a big, heavy boot.))

So anywaysâ€|on with the story, I'm trying to make the thing as original as possible, and is fixing any minor mistakes that you guys tell me to fix (Without altering the story line of course, heh heh.).

Soâ€|R&R!

(PS: In five chapters, I've pretty much managed the result I got from my first big RP in ten chapters, woot for me!)

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IC: Through the ever lasting string of time Jecht got better and better in the RF training program, every test was completed to the highest quality while every single real life target dummy that Jecht used ended up with no head and a big hole through the heart area. Sniping was considered to be Jecht's best ability, although he much rather fought in the front lines. His favourite weapon of all time has to be the weapon that he wielded in his first true battle, the SMG that he had used on his first day.

So the months passed by uneventfully with the odd raid by the covenant, which metaphorically is like chucking live things into an economy sized meat grinder. Jecht too gradually built up battle experience from the fighting, as he fought, he learnt about the enemy's weaknesses. Of how the grunt's methane Tank explodes with one single bullet to the back, and how the jackal shield can be destroyed if it struck it's failsafe dead on. Lastly was the elites, there were no rules for them because they were like chess. You find their weaknesses, they get rid of it very quickly. Although that's the problem, it would take a few dead elites to make them realize the mistakes, or even one battle, but that was really enough to deal some casualties to their ranks.

Jecht's bronze knight armour was being used as well, it's sharp, gleaming plates made Jecht look like any other elite, except that the armour make it seem moreâ€|deadly. In the first test the armour program rejected Jecht's DNA scan, and failed as soon as he got into it. The reprogramming took a while and left Jecht with only standard marine armour, but that was fine considering there were no battles in that period. It was a month before the suit was reprogrammed and retested, with the ratings high up in the 90-100 mark.

Jecht liked this new suit (for him anyways.), it really reminded of his father; of his struggles to save humanity and of how he died. This of course completed what that fool Fasamee tried to accomplish a while ago, now Jecht was living with nightmares of his father's death occurring often in his dreams. A year of hard training, mind scarring and constant testing Jecht was ready. But was not what he was like before. Jecht is not the young and naÃ¯ve adult that took suicidal risks now but the hard, brutal and ruthless man that now live for battle. Of course that doesn't mean that he was a cruel and rough person now. But the clean polished surface that was his mind has had its edges roughened and its gleaming surface tarnished by heavy deep dents.

His armour too was in the condition of his mind, by now it had lost its sheen that was replaced by many small dents, scars and burns. The spikes that used to stick out from the shoulder plates have been blunted and chipped by energy bolts, while the prized energy blade has waned somewhat, turning the beautiful bright light into a dark, ambient glow, which surprisingly still remained as sharp as any other energy weapon you'd meet anywhere.

Apart from all that, everything was pretty normal (If you can still

call it thatâ€¢|)

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"Right men!" The squad leader (Whose name was Anderson, just so you know.) yelled at the Red Faction troopers standing perfectly still in front of him. "Today you are going to go attack one of the most heavily guarded base in this sector. The Liberty square base is practically the only thing that prevents us from finally liberating the city. Now we will send all ready forces on this mission, and that means all of you. As well as Alpha and Beta team, whom are already on their way there."

"Sir!" A RF soldier shouted from amongst the assembled troop.
"Permission to ask?"

"Granted." Anderson growled. "But make this quick! We need to go in approximately 15 minutes."

"How will we know that we aren't going to be just thrown at the base like animals into a meat grinder? It would be suicide to attack this base just on our own."

"Good thinking son." Anderson replied. "That's my next point as well. For this near suicidal mission you shall be accompanied by the Bronze Knight Jecht, now I want you to be nice to him because he's only been here for a few months and-"

There was a general laughter of amusement in the crowd as the S.L said those last few words.

"-I have given him permission to lop off any one of your heads if disobedience is showed." Anderson finished, which shut the men up for a long while. "AM I CLEAR TROOPS?"

"YES SIR!" The men screamed back in unison, before almost fleeing into the fired up drop ships that took them out of the base yard and towards the enemies beyond. A second group of people arrived directly after the first batch of Delta team troops was gone. In amongst the rabble of men was the Bronze knight, walking towards the drop ship as though it was just any other day. Stepping on board the drop ship waiting for the group he was greeted by Anderson, who decided to join this group for the fight.

"So Jecht, how the training son?" Anderson questioned loudly as the drop ship lifted them up into the air and away.

"Going fine, so where exactly are we going to land?" Jecht asked in the same volume.

"You and this team will be dropped off at the back door to the base, on the foundations of the Statue of Liberty." Anderson yelled as the main boosters switched on, "From there you will head to the top of the tower where the central command is. Destroy it and get out."

"Right!" Jecht said.

The drop ship then made it's way towards the statue, where its glowing torch could still be seen from this distance. The sun was

dropping slowly towards the horizon, for night is coming. In an hour or two battle will commence, and the night will be lit by hundreds of metal tracers and plasma.

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It wasn't such a bad job being a grunt squad leader; life was decent if you did not get into any elite's way. That's what Cwayat the grunt learnt on duty for a few years. Dressed in his newly polished red armour and armed with his little plasma pistol. He looked like any other half-decent grunt would look like, idiotic and humorous. Today the little grunt was doing base duty with his squad. Patrolling slowly round and round the ancient statue of liberty. The little legs of these creatures lifted up and down in unison as they marched.

Looking at the sky he could have sworn that he caught the image of three black dots coming closer and closer towards the base. Shrugging his curiosity off the troop went back to their march. Unaware of the grave danger that they had let the base into.

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"E.T.A ten minutes." The pilot shouted back to the party of troopers, who were packing and loading up their weaponry. As Jecht looked out of the reinforced glass window he saw the true might of the base he was going to go into. A solid, plasma wall lined the whole island where they were going to land. Quad plasma cannons were placed every 80 metres or so, and could blast the whole invading force to kingdom come. Troops too patrolled the interior behind the wall, their polished weapons shining beautifully. A couple of banshees patrolled the top of the liberty statue, while covenant water ships (a relatively new invention.) guarded the sea.

"So how are we going to get into that?" Jecht asked.

"Simple." Anderson said, before going into a small laugh.

There was general silence in the drop ship as half the troops wondered why he was laughing while the other half thought that they were going to die.

"Alright." Anderson finally began the actual plan. "We would be landing on a platform dug into the statue of liberty, this believe it or not is one of the least guarded areas in the whole of the base. Since the covenants think that we are so dumb—" there was some laughter at that part. "-That they didn't even put any grunts there to block our way."

Outside the drop ship turned gracefully in the sky, with it's nose pointing directly to where they are going to land. As the pilot pushed the control stick ever forward the ship began to move forward towards the hidden platform. Just then two banshees encircling the base saw the little break-in party and opened fire. Streak after streak of light blue plasma slashed past the drop ships. Seeing the attackers the pilot throttled up to max and fired the ship directly into the statue. Where it crashed with a massive bang.

Stepping out of the mess that they created at the side of the statue

the troops and Jecht split different paths, with the troops attacking the central base where the main force has just opened fire upon. Jecht walked slowly up the long, winding staircase up to the top. Some grunts greeted his arrival with grenades and plasma fire and was put out with a few bullets from Jecht's SMG.

"Hmmâ€|" Jecht thought. "That was easy."

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Above his head a camera tracked his every progress up the stairs, and on the other end beside a screen stood Fasamee in his shiny golden armour and holding two plasma carbines.

"Soâ€|" Fasamee pondered. "Looks like the son of my worst enemy has finally arrived. I fear that we may clash soon." He finished the last few words with sarcasm, and lead ten grunts and four elites down to meet the soldier.

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The structure encased around Jecht creaked as he paced upwards to the top. Each of his steps stripped some soft concrete off, making a mini landslide that fell down the stairs. Looking up he saw shadows approaching where he was standing. Fearing that something may happen which would not help much Jecht ducked into a small storage room, and watched as a few grunts pass casually with their plasma pistols hanging loosely beside them. Sighing with relief the Bronze knight quickly opened the storage door and popped a grenade down the stairs where it blew up and sent the little squad packing right down the stairs.

Chuckling at his antics Jecht continued up the stairs. More troops met him and more casualties were created. A hundred odd steps later he saw the top of the tower and the command centre that was stationed there. Grunts and Jackals were working furiously to please their masters. While elites with plasma weaponry patrolled the outside to see if anything funny was going on. Taking a huge risk he casually walked into the room and was (more or less rudely.) greeted with the arming and reloading of covenant weaponry, and two dozen gun muzzles pointing in his general direction

"Hello everyone!" Jecht said amusingly while dodging a whole bucketful of plasma fire aimed at where he was. "I thought this was the bathroom, but never mind; here's a present for trying anyways."

Dodging one more plasma round aimed at his head Jecht pulled out a thermal grenade from his belt, activating it and tossing it into the assembled mass of covenant enemies. Quickly running out of the door and slamming it shut behind him he heard a muffled bang and the crackling and sizzling of a massive bonfire. Kicking in the door again he opened fire on all the remaining covie troops. Five grunts and three jackals went down while one elite was blasted right out of the window by a lunge of Jecht's blade. Keeping the weapon on Jecht dashed towards a console and dived onto the floor. A hail of plasma fire then ensued, melting the greened copper plate above where he hid.

Throwing a plasma grenade that he picked up Jecht reloaded his weapon

while they were busy running away from the explosion. Spotting a grunt waddling towards him with a fuel rod cannon he blasted five rounds into the over-sized gun, making the failsafe malfunction and explode. Three more jackals lined up into a shield wall and fired from gaps in that hastily made barricade. Running out of the hiding place Jecht somersaulted over the shields, landing behind the trio of enemies and killing all three with a simple slash across their backs. Lastly he saw a couple of elites charging at him with plasma blades, a swordfight soon followed with one of the elite's head being taken off while the other was cut cleanly in half.

"Rightâ€|" Jecht muttered, his visor hot and misty with warm breath and his heartbeat gradually slowing down. "I'd better get going now."

Suddenly a shadow was seen amongst the still burning flames of the thermal grenade in the shape of an elite. Reloading his weapon he saw the figure appear out of the flames. The elite wore golden armour and held a crystal blue plasma sword. It then laughed and called to Jecht.

"So, you again eh?" Fasamee asked. "Aren't you that boy who everyone was talking about the past few days?"

"Fasameeâ€|" Jecht growled, his tone filled with cold, hard ice "I have a score to settle with you."

"Indeed." The elite replied, "You killed a lot of comrades today, and it's only fair that you should be given something in return."

"Then so be itâ€|"

Taking his own stance with his blade. He waited for the lunge that the elite was going to make. For a second there was utter silence (save the gunshots outside.), with both men/alien standing still, eyeing each other dangerously. Then, as the light of a gunship passed by the shattered window nearby, the elite made his move.

IOIOIOIOIOIOOI

Ok, ermâ€|this doesn't feel right, but meh. I'll update sooner. (Maybe because it is the lack of actionâ€|)

Messages:

Oni-Kaiser: Thank you, your suggestion has been put into use.

Imsh: Hmm, i haven't decided what the true capabilities of the armour is like, maybe i'll do that in the next chapter

Link Master500: Yea, that was done in a slight hurry.

End
file.